

Defining Congress

-Well, the odd couple again. Corrosive cynic...

-and overt thief.

-Yeah, I'm a thief, but probably just in the short run. My campaign owes me. I'm in the hole! But once things get level, I'll operate pretty legitimately.

-And get filthy rich.

-Anyone who wants to be a congressman is totally fuckin insane if there's no big payoff. I mean, what would be the reason to-?

-Serve constituents and the nation.

-Those are byproducts. I mean, it's quite possible things'll work out that way.

-How can you say that? It collides with your paying back huge contributors. Bribers, really.

-Oh you're just full of accusatory words, aren't you?

-Just the truth!

-Hey I belong to the class that gets things done in a world not pure. You belong to the bellyache, hand-wringing class. Morality high as Everest and accomplishments in Death Valley.

-Well, you've got some rhetoric, which is more than I can say for the fellows and girls you serve with. They just blab, or read the party's script written by the billionaires.

-They also serve who only fuck the dog.

-Now you're getting literary! The first half is Milton.

-Second, reality.